

Crystals of Valhalla

Faint rays of sunlight broke through the tiny cracks in the shaded windows. The light reflected off of the marble floor like the moon on a crystal lake. It was midday and the castle halls were strangely quiet. On most days the halls were filled with the laughter of running children, screaming and playing their games like they always did. The castle staff having to dance around them, careful not to get caught up in the tiny royals' playful chaos. But on this day the gigantic crystal like castle was robbed of that sound.

Faint echoes of footsteps could be heard in the distance, in the outer halls. All stepping in unison. These steps had power behind, purpose. It was as if the gates of hell had made way for the army of fire. The steps become louder and heavier, creating tiny earthquakes in their wake. Until abruptly, they all stopped. Every last one, in front of a silver door. The handles were almost chrome like; you could see your reflection as clear as day in them. In the middle of the rather large door sat an emblem of a wolf. It's teeth snarling and eyes so focused you would think it was hunting you.

From behind the line of armored soldiers emerged a man. His body held not a single trace of armor on it. Instead, he wore a rather long blue cloak. A sword clung to his back like a small child would its mother. You could see the hilt of it. Cold, white diamonds covered it. But something was different about these diamonds, their core was seething with blue flames. The blade was long, freshly sharpened for a battle. Thirsty for the taste of fresh blood. Blackness covered the blade, you could barely see yourself in it, if any blood where to touch it it would seem like liquid flames were engulfing it. The man was rather tall, but very built. The body of a warrior who had seen many battles. Black curls clung to his head and down to his sharpened jaw. He slowly held up his left hand and opened his green eyes.

“Regalia” he shouted with a voice so sharp it could cut steel.

A burst of white wind flew from his palm and pushed into the silver gateway. The door flew from its hinges and onto the red carpet inside the room. Soldiers filed in one after the other, the cloaked man followed slowly after them. The inside of the room was filled with countless shelves filled with books. Some overflowing onto the crimson stained floor. Some still opened to specific pages. In the middle sat a small metal desk, a tiny lamp illuminating a figure sitting in the chair behind it. The cloaked man stepped toward the desk, wind still circulating in his palm.

“So this is your idea of a rebellion then?” the man behind the desk asked in a raspy voice.

The cloaked man smirked and said “Well, you should have seen this coming. What with you being the king and all that royal nonsense.” He paused directly in front of the metal box while his hand hovered in front of his face, “Am I wrong, Seraph?”

The metal desk was suddenly chopped into pieces under the pressure of his wind. The remnants flew across the room, impaling the countless shelves. Paper and wood exploded around the room, but the soldiers and their leader remained as still as stone statues, as did the king. Light began to pour in from the holes in the metal damaged walls, shining upon the king revealing his silhouette. He slowly rose from his chair. The king was tall, but not as large as the man in front of him. He lacked a physical physique as well. His body was covered by a thick black sweater, black slacks and black boots. On his aging right hand were two rings, a wedding ring and a ring that was home to a pink stone. A grey beard covered his chin and black hair with grey streaks that fell to his neck covered his head. His blue eyes held so much life, despite his sickly appearance.

King Seraph slowly stepped toward his attacker, his arms crossed over his chest. “My how you have fallen. Kaelynn, my son.” He said quietly. His lips pursed together tightly.

Kaelynn let a hoarse laugh, throwing his hands in the air. “My son? Now you acknowledge me? When your kingdom is on the brink of destruction, you father, decide to acknowledge me? I believe it is more like how you have fallen, king.”

His voice was bitter. Anger and rage vibrated from his body like a hornet trapped in a jar. He was so close to his father now that he could feel Seraph’s breath on his face.

“Once I kill you the crystal realm will belong to me. As it ALWAYS should have.” Kaelynn spoke.

“Always so eager to rule, never eager to learn.” said Seraph. He began to smile, his eyes now beaming with pride, “The crystal realm will never belong to you. So long as Gwendolyn is alive a breathing she and only she can guide this realm into prosperity!”

Fire began to spark in Kaelynn’s eyes, the fury of a thousand gods flowing through one man.

“SHE will never be fit to rule, once you are dead she shall carry the same fate as her father. Your precious, kind hearted, gentle Gwen. That child hasn’t shown a glimpse of the family power yet and she never will after today.” His voice filled with such hatred.

“It is Gwendolyn’s kind heart that makes her fit to rule more than you, child. You abuse the power of our ancestors, you are not worthy of it. You may be my son but make no mistake you are no king boy.” Seraph said calmly.

Kaelynn looked back towards his soldiers, all of them awaiting action from their leader. The wind in his hand began to fade as he slowly backed away from his father.

“As it turns out, you aren’t even worth me sullying my hands in blood over father. You haven’t much time anyway.” Kaelynn said coldly as he turned away from the king.

Seraph was still, hands still crossed across his chest. His body seemed more relax now.

“My son, you talk big like a king, but you fail to take action as a king should do. You wonder why I failed to acknowledge you? It is because you lack what your grandfather had, what his father before him had.” He said calmly.

Kaelynn was still, “And what exactly is it that I lack old man?” he asked through gritted teeth.

“You lack strength, you are WEAK” Seraph said smirking, his arms falling to his sides. “

“If your mother was alive to see---” seraph’s words began to choke.

There, in the middle of the crimson room, blood began to drip on carpet like wine. There stood the king and his son. Kaelynn’s left arm was stretched out behind him, a rod of white wind bursting from his palm, as sharp as glass. Blood pools formed around Seraph’s chest as the razor wind ripped through his chest and through his heart. The kings blue become white as they rolled over. A quick and instant death.

Kaelynn shut off the wind and began to walk towards the door, as he paused in the entry way he said to his soldiers “Let this be known, the king is dead. I am the new ruler of the crystal realm.” His voice calm and full. “Find princess Gwendolyn and bring her head to me on a plate. She’s just a child, she should not be that difficult to find.”

One by one the soldiers ran out of the blood filled room. Kaelynn stood there, staring at his dead fathers’ body. He began to laugh “You should know better than to mention her name with me. Now look where you are father, a corpse. And soon, my beloved little sister, your little Gwen, will be dead as well. You shall be reunited in Valhalla.” He quickly left the room behind, along with the corpse of his father and king.

The room was silent, suddenly one of the bookshelves sprang open and a small figure emerged from the darkness. Tears began to run down her face as she knelt down beside the king

as said “Papa? Papa wake up, please. Papa.” The little girl whispered, fighting through her tears she bit her lip, “Please don’t leave me alone daddy, don’t leave...” she trailed off as she buried her tiny face into her father’s forehead. The sounds of people screaming, metal clambering into crystal and flesh filled the castle. It was the sound of a legendary kingdom falling to its knees and the rise of empire built on blood.